

BIG SANDY NEWS.

Aut inveniam viam, aut faciam.

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NEWSPAPER LAWS.

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FOR ALL WHO DIE.

The following poem was regarded by Edgar A. Poe as the most beautiful and touching of any kind in our language. A correspondent of the exchange says the author was Mrs. Lewis:

It hath been said for all who die
There is a tear,
Some faint, bleeding heart to sigh
Of every tier;
But in that hour of pain and dread
Who will draw near
Around my humble couch and shed
One farewell tear?

Who'll watch the fast departing ray
In deep despair,
And soothe the spirit on its way
With holy prayer?
What mortal hand my couch will come
In words of woe,
And follow me to my long home
Solitary and slow?

When lying on my earthly bed
In my sleep,
Who then by pure affection led
Will come and weep?
By the pale moon, radiant the rose
Upon my breast,
And bid it cheer my dark repose,
My lonely rest?

Could I but know when I was sleeping
Low in the ground,
One faithful heart would then be keeping
Watch all around,
As if some gem lay at night beneath
That cold and gloom,
T'would mutely tell the cause of death
And light the tomb.

Yes, in that hour I could feel
From hells of gloom,
And beauty's pressure one would steal
In secret,
And come and sit or stand by me
In night's deep gloom,
Oh, I would ask of memory
No other boon.

But ah, a lonelier fate is mine,
A deeper woe,
From all I've loved in youth's sweet time
I soon must go,
Draw round me my pale robes of white,
In a dark shroud,
To sleep thro' death's long, dreary night,
Lone and forgot.

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Driven From Sea to Sea, Or, JUST A CAMPIN'.

BY S. C. POST.

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CHAPTER XXII.—CONTINUED.

So it was decided to sell the calves and buy the lumber for an addition to the shanty, and the next day John Parsons took them over to Mr. Meeker and got the money for them.

On the way home he stopped at another neighbor's and borrowed a heavy wagon, and the day following started to town bright and early with the letter to Erastus still carefully concealed in his inside pocket.

"But that'll fetch him home on a run," he mused as he dropped it into the office at the landing just in time to have it get into the mail bag as it was being got ready for the down boat. "He'll be here in a week of that letter goes straight, or else he ain't as good as takin' a hint as I think he is."

Mrs. Parsons noticed that her husband was unusually jolly that night when he returned home, and all the next day and the days that followed after it.

He had always tried to appear cheerful in the presence of his family, and had never failed to respond to any effort of Johnny's to get up a laugh, though it often caused him an effort to do so; but on this particular evening, although it was late and he must have been tired, he really felt jolly, and he joked Lucy about one of the clerks at the store, where she and her mother had traded when in town, and also about a neighbor's son, who had shown a disposition to seek her society, but who, not receiving any encouragement, had decided that she was "stuck up," and so informed the other young people of his acquaintance.

The letter was three days in reaching its destination, and then lay in the post-office several days more before being called for.

Erastus had no correspondents other than the members of Mr. Parsons' family; and as there had been little that was pleasant to write about on either side, letters had not been frequent between them of late, and the young man seldom went to the post-office.

One day as he was working with several of his neighbors upon a ditch which was to be the means of irrigating their claims, another neighbor, who had been to town, rode up and, stopping his horse, called out:

"Here, Hammingway, here's a letter for you."

Erastus was in his shirt sleeves in the ditch, shoveling, and the horseman leaped from his saddle and handed him the letter.

"If that's from your girl, she don't write a very pretty hand," he said, with a wink at the other ditchers, who had stopped work and stood leaning on their spades.

Glancing at the superscription, Erastus saw that it was in a strange hand. The post mark, however, proclaimed it to be from Philadelphia, and his first thought was that something terrible had again happened to Uncle John and his family—that they were all dead, may be, and a stranger had written to inform him.

Hastily tearing off the envelope, he looked at the signature and saw the name, "John Parsons." In stiff, awkward letters, at the bottom of the page, and it flashed over him that Lucy was married and that Uncle John had written to tell him of it because no one else liked to do so, and the blood rushed to his heart, which beat so that it seemed his companions must hear it.

But no; the letter said: "Lucy and her mother had gone to town." Then she was not married yet. The blood began to return to its proper channels.

"Lucy has given Annelsey his walkin' papers."

Could it be possible that she was not going to marry the New Yorker after all?

And if not, what then?

The letter seemed plain enough to be understood without possibility of mistake, yet he read it the second time before its full import came to him, and then the blood rushed to his heart even more violently than before.

"Lucy might be his yet—that is what Uncle John meant," he said to himself. "If she had not loved some one else better she would not have dismissed Annelsey." And "she did not encourage any of the young men there"—that was what the letter said, and it said he was to come at once.

He had climbed out of the ditch and was brushing the dirt from his overalls with his hands.

"Mr. Johnson," he said, addressing the neighbor with whom he boarded, "will you let me have your roan horse for a couple of weeks and use my colts while I'm gone? I'm going home and want to make the trip as quickly as possible, and neither of the colts can stand a hard instant under the saddle very well. I'll take good care of the roan and promise not to hurt him. If I do you may take your choice of the colts to pay the damage."

"What's up?"

"Folks sick?"

"Why don't you go to 'Frisco and take the steamer?" came from one and another of the crowd.

"The fact is," replied Erastus, with his usual straightforward honesty, "I have not got money enough. You fellows know how it is yourselves. Money don't grow on these sand ridges until they are irrigated; but I can ride through in four days by traveling late and early and resting in the hottest part of the day, and not hurt the horse a bit if Mr. Johnson will let me have him, and it won't cost half as much as it will to go by the cars and boat."

"You can have the horse if you want him," replied Mr. Johnson. "I know you won't hurt him; but you haven't told us yet who is sick or dead."

"There's no one sick or dead, boys; but I'm going, and going to start to-night."

"Girl run away with another fellow?" asked one of the men, with a grin.

"No, my girl hasn't run away with another fellow," replied the young man, with a laugh that some way reminded him of what he had often called the "giggling" of the girls.

How could he help it when reminded so forcibly of what, up to the moment, he hardly realized; that instead of running away with another fellow as he had expected her to do, his girl had dismissed the other fellow because of her love for him.

The rough, hoarse-sounding irrepressible, and—without brought such a delightfully warm feeling to his heart that it was no wonder he laughed, or that the laugh was just a trifle hysterical.

What a terrible mistake there had been. What a wretch he was for not having spoken up when Annelsey first came courting Lucy, and so have saved all this suffering.

How tender his heart grew, thinking of her who had suffered so—who must have suffered so terribly all this time.

Such were the thoughts that passed through the young man's mind as he walked rapidly towards his boarding place.

But what if Uncle John was mistaken?

He was half-way to the house when this thought came to him, and he stopped and stood perfectly still for some seconds, but not stiller than his heart seemed to have become.

"At any rate I'll know the truth," he said aloud, and then mentally: "I played the coward once, I'll not do it again. Uncle John certainly meant me to understand that Lucy loved me well enough to be my wife, and I would be a craven indeed not to ask herself now."

Going directly to the shed where the roan horse stood, he groomed him carefully, then went to the house and to the low room up-stairs where he slept.

Here he bathed and changed into his best suit, being careful to see that the few dollars in money which he possessed were in his pocket-book and in his pocket.

Meantime Mr. Johnson had left the ditch and gone to the little patch of ground a quarter of a mile away, which his wife cultivated as a garden, where he knew her to be at work.

When told that Erastus was going on a visit to his old home and would start at once, Mrs. Johnson hurried to the house and began preparing a meal before he should go.

Neither of them asked the young man any questions as to the cause of his sudden going, but both guessed that it was in some way connected with a love affair and were anxious to assist him in every way possible. Mr. Johnson offered to loan him all the money he had, which was less than two dollars, and Mrs. Johnson fluttered around, trying to get something a little extra for him to eat, helping him with his necktie, and offering to do a dozen other things as if he had suddenly become a child, or what appeared more likely—was going to see his sweetheart, if not, indeed, to get married. And all the time she was trying not to say anything that would show how very anxious she was to have him confide in her yet hoping greatly that he would do so.

Erastus, in the first flush of his newfound joy, was only restrained from showing Mr. Parsons' letter and making

a clean breast of the whole affair by a lingering fear that Uncle John might be mistaken.

It was really very hard for him to keep from telling. Mr. and Mrs. Johnson were the best friends he had here at the Slough, and he knew they thought a good deal of him, and he wanted to tell them what a lovely girl Lucy was, but could not quite bring himself to do so even when Mrs. Johnson remarked, as she fixed his necktie, that she "supposed he would soon have some one else to do it for him now," and so he left them wholly in doubt, and mounting the roan, rode away in the direction of the foot-hills of the Sierras.

He curbed his own impatience and the desire of the spirited roan at the start, well knowing that time would be lost and not gained by fast riding for the first hour or two.

The sun had long since set, when, having put thirty-five miles between himself and his starting-place, he dismounted, tethered his animal in a spot of wild oats a little off the road, rubbed him down with dry leaves and grass, and rolling himself in a blanket lay down upon the ground.

If his body was weary he was not aware of it, for his heart was filled with the sweetest hopes; and what sustains the physical power like hope?

As he lay looking up at the stars, and watching the full moon coming slowly up from behind the distant hills and climbing a sky that had not known a cloud for weeks and weeks, he recalled every incident of his life from the time when Mr. and Mrs. Parsons had taken him, a poor, outcast boy, to their home and their hearts.

He thought upon every act of Lucy's which appeared in any degree to indicate her feelings toward himself, and tried to place one against another, the unfavorable against the favorable, in such a way as to enable him to strike a balance and determine just what his chances were. But in this he was conscious of failing, for there were many little instances—acts or words—the meaning of which he was utterly unable to determine, which he yet felt certain had a meaning if only he knew upon which side of his love account to place them. Besides, it was so very pleasant to fancy that the favorable one outnumbered the others, if indeed there were any others, that he could not avoid going off into blissful waking dreams of the future, when he should have got his place at the Slough irrigated, and set in fruits, and have a cottage built.

He would have a cottage just like the one in the foot-hills, where they had all spent so many pleasant days, he thought; the cottage now abandoned and going to decay. Lucy would be by his side always, and Uncle John and Aunt Mima should bring Johnny and live with them, their honored and beloved guests, and all the misunderstandings and suffering of the past should be forgotten.

And thus he lay and drew bright pictures of sweet days to come, until from waking dreams he passed to dream, which came in sleep, but they did not greatly differ from each other; the music and the words were just the same—were love and Lucy; love and Lucy.

Although the sun was not yet up, there was no dew upon his blanket or in his hair when he awoke in the morning, for dew seldom falls in this portion of California during the dry season.

The roan horse had risen from his bed in the tall oats, and had stretched himself and begun again to eat of the rich herbage.

Erastus led him to drink at a creek which they had crossed but a little way back the night before, again rubbed him down, and leaving him eating, walked to a rancher's shanty, a quarter of a mile away, in quest of his own breakfast.

He found the family just sitting down to their own meal, explained to them that he had ridden late the night before and had camped out, and was given a cordial invitation to "draw a chair up to the table and help himself," which he very promptly did.

Breakfast eaten, he offered to pay, but was refused; gave thanks instead of money, and hurrying back to the place where he had left his horse, fastened his blanket to his saddle, placed both upon the roan, and mounting, resumed his journey.

Just before noon he stopped at a little town, put up at the hotel, fed and rubbed down his steed, got his own dinner, and did not mount again until the greatest heat of the day was over. Then he pushed on at a rapid pace until an hour after sunset, when he again tethered his horse and slept upon the ground, as he had done the night before.

The day following was a repetition of the one which preceded it, but its close found him well up in the foot-hills, and he put up at the cottage of a rancher, with whom he had stayed over night when on his way to the Slough the year before.

In the morning he arose with one thought throbbing in brain and heart, "to-night I shall see her; to-night I shall know my fate."

He fed and groomed his horse as usual, but could scarcely wait for breakfast, which was not yet prepared when he returned from the stable. He had eaten a cold lunch for supper, but his impatience conquered all desire for food. He was counting the hours now, and the moments would drag them selves so until he was in the saddle again.

Rather than appear discourteous or strange, he waited for the morning meal to be prepared, but was off almost before his host had arisen from the table.

He had ridden seventy-five miles the day before, and had feared the roan might feel a little stiff and sore at starting, but when he saw him come out of the stable with head up, apparently as anxious as himself to be off, this fear vanished, and he determined to push through the remaining forty miles without halting. But he found the roads not so good as he had anticipated.

He was now in a part of the foot-hills with which he was unacquainted, for he no longer followed the road over which he came the year before, but struck across the country by a route which led the old home off to the left, and threw him further up towards the mountains, and when noon came he was still, from the best information he could get, fully fifteen miles from John Parsons' shanty, and compassion for his horse induced him to stop at a rancher's for feed and rest; so that with this delay and the trouble which he experienced in learning exactly where the shanty was, even when within a few miles of it, the afternoon was well nigh worn away when he reached the point where the by-road which led to it turned off from the main track; and even then he was not certain of this being the place.

He had stopped his horse and was debating with himself whether to turn off or follow the main road yet further, when he saw coming around the spur of the mountain, and into the road over which he had just passed, her for love of whom he had come, and the right sent all the blood in his body surging to his heart, and for the moment he could neither have spoken nor moved.

Evidently Lucy had not seen him pass, and was not now aware of his presence.

She had gone to find the cows and drive them home to be milked, and was following along behind them as they lazily moved homeward.

She was dressed as Erastus had seen her oftenest in the old time, in a light print dress and sun-bonnet. In her hand she carried a little crooked stick, which she had picked up to drive the cows with, but was paying very little attention to them. Instead she was gazing off upon the hills which stretched away and away, one above another, until they became snow-capped peaks that in the light of the falling sun looked like amethysts set into the cerulean blue of the heavens.

Had not the cows paused at sight of the man and horse standing in their path she might have reached his side before becoming aware of his presence, but when the cows stopped and stood with their great eyes staring with the least bit of surprise at what was not a very common sight to them in their mountain pastures, she raised her stick and bid them "go-long." Then seeing for the first time a gentleman standing by the roadside holding his horse by the bridle, she blushed a little beneath her sun-bonnet, and dropping her eyes, followed closely after the cows, which had again lazily taken up their line of march.

The blush which suffused her cheeks was not, however, owing to her having recognized the horseman, for she had not done so. She had only glanced at him and then dropped her eyes with a feeling of embarrassment, for she seldom met gentlemen now, and however much poets may sing the charms of milkmaids in calico dresses, they will never be able to convince any member of the sex that they look their best in that role, any more than can be taken from them their womanly desire to appear well in the eyes of the opposite sex, even though he be an entire stranger, as she supposed this one to be who stood waiting for her approach, presumably that he might inquire the way to some neighboring rancher's shanty, or possibly if her parents would entertain him for the night.

When within a few paces she raised her eyes and turned her face towards him.

As she did so he spoke her name and took a step towards her.

"Lucy!"

She stopped suddenly and the little crooked stick fell to the ground while both hands went to her face pushing back the sun-bonnet.

"Lucy, don't you know me? I've come all the way back to see you; started the moment I got your father's let—that is the mo. let I learned you were not going to marry Mr. Annelsey. I love you, Lucy—love you better than any body or anything in all the world. I have always loved you ever since we were children together, and I want you to be my wife."

And she only said: "Oh—'Ras!" and put her hands to her face and began to cry.

"Lucy, Lucy, can't you love me?" pleaded her lover. "I know I am not rich like Mr. Ras, but I'll love you always, love you better, it seems to me, than anybody else can love you. Can't you love me, Lucy?"

She put out one little sunburned hand and laid it on his arm. With the other she continued to hide her face.

"Oh, 'Ras," she sobbed. "I—I do love you; I always did, but I thought father was wanted me to marry Mr. Ras, and that you loved Julia Ennis, and then I didn't care. Oh, 'Ras, I'm so glad you've come."

And she buried her face on his shoulder.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The records that remain to us of the history, the conditions of life and the customs of the aboriginal possessors of the soil of Illinois are found mainly in the pages of the Colonial chronicles of the eighteenth century. These Indians and their country were under the French dominion. The region now included within the limits of Illinois formed part of that vast colonial possession of France called in those days Louisiana.—Chicago Journal.

THE COMMON WEALTH.

Louisville Leaf Tobacco Market.

For Hurley tobacco the week's trade has not been marked by any wide variation in prices, but the buying limits have been comparatively narrow, and a material decline has been avoided only by reducing the privilege of rejection. Dark and heavy styles have been brisk and strong throughout the week, with a positive but mild tendency in regie leaf and in lugs in favor of sellers. Low grades of dark lugs continue in neglect. Green River fillers and German wrappers have not figured on the breaks. Tobacco has been injured somewhat, both on scaffold and on the hills, the latter by tending to renew the sap flow and retard ripening. It may add something to the crop of suckers. There will be much anxiety in some sections lest the rains give way to frost, and as to this the outlook is more threatening recently than at any previous time this fall. We quote 1884 tobacco as follows for full-weight packages:

	Dark and Heavy.	Regie.
Trash.	\$3 75 4 00	\$3 75 4 20
Common lugs.	4 25 4 50	4 50 4 75
Medium lugs.	5 00 5 50	5 25 6 00
Good lugs.	6 75 6 25	6 25 7 25
Common leaf.	7 00 7 50	7 00 7 50
Medium leaf.	7 75 8 50	8 00 8 50
Good leaf.	9 75 11 00	10 00 11 00
Fancy leaf.	12 00 15 00	12 00 15 00

Miscellaneous Items.

BOB DAVIS, a colored house-breaker, died in Glasgow of consumption.

PRINCETON is putting down substantial pavements on all her streets.

FARMER'S National Bank stock, of Mt. Sterling, sells readily at \$120 per share.

SIXTY-FIVE distilleries are now in operation in Russell County, and twenty more will soon begin business.

The tooth of a mastodon, nine inches long and six by four inches in diameter, has been found on Frozen Creek in Breathitt County.

W. A. TRELKELD, of Shelby County, raised 1,500 watermelons on one-half acre of ground the largest one weighing forty-eight pounds.

A RATTLESNAKE six feet in length and with seventeen rattles and a "button," was killed near Howell's, Hopkins County, by Robert Seaton.

CHRISTIAN County wants a Criminal Court established so that now and then there may be a chance to try a suit on a "plain note of hand" or an equitable action.

ED. FULLER, who lives near Cadiz, Trigg County, was driving along a rough road near John Hale's, after dark, with his wife and others in the wagon. In the darkness he drove into a hole or deep gully and turned the wagon over, killing both his wife and child.

ANDREW STEELE, the livery stable keeper in Versailles, while out hunting with a friend the other day, got separated from his friend, who fired his gun at some birds in range of Mr. Steele, the shot taking effect in the breast and eye of the latter. It is feared he will lose his sight in the injured eye. Mr. Steele is a brother-in-law of Col. John F. Davis, Commissioner of Agriculture.

The Railroad Commissioners have fixed the valuation on the Short-route at Louisville at \$150,000, or fifty per cent. over the valuation of last year.

RANDY COLLINS, a negro who was in jail at Georgetown, for murder, and escaped, has been recaptured.

The Louisville Ordinance Court room was the scene of a little attack by Ex-Mayor Charles B. Jacob upon P. Booker Reed, the present Mayor. Mayor Reed had refused to pay an old contract let under Jacob's administration, on the grounds that it was irregular and invalid.

SARAH COURTNEY and daughter, colored, living at Cynthiana, suffered from poison, believed to have been administered by John Craig, a son-in-law of Mrs. Courtney.

CHAR. D. JACOBS, of Kentucky, has been appointed Minister to the United States of Colombia.

The members of the Young Men's Christian Association, Louisville, propose to erect a building for their use to cost \$100,000.

In Scott County early sown wheat is coming up nicely.

ENGAGEMENTS for new corn have been made in Owen County for \$1.50 per barrel.

MRS. CRADDOCK, wife of the venerable Judge W. Craddock, is dead.

THERE have been eight suits filed for divorce in Mason County Circuit Court in the past six months.

A. H. HEMINGER, aged 86, father of L. C. Heminger, foundryman; Captain Abner C. Heminger, aged 46, and B. Oatley, aged 74, all prominent citizens of Bowling Green died a few days ago.

A RUB and box factory is one of the prospective business enterprises of Elizabethtown.

MR. J. SOULE SMITH, Commissioner for Kentucky to the North, South and Central American Exposition at New Orleans, makes an appeal to the business interests of the State for a proper display of its wealth and enterprise. The Exposition opens November 10, and remains open until March 31, 1886.

DR. WM. JONES, a prominent physician of Livingston County, was shot and killed, the other day, at Smithland, by Alexander Smithson, a watchman on the Tennessee River bridge. The two had been drinking and were riding together, when without warning Smithson shot his victim.

THE Ohio Valley Railroad Company broke ground at Henderson, on the 7th, for the new road from that point to Jackson Teton.

THE President has appointed A. H. Dudley Postmaster at Princeton.

MR. ROWLAND WEBB, a well-known citizen of Louisville, and distinguished as a Mason, is dead, aged sixty-four years.

SENECA is rapidly becoming a tobacco county. A few years ago its cultivation was almost entirely unknown there, while now it is one of the principal crops.

NATURAL GAS.

Its Fatal Work in a Pennsylvania Town.

Three Men Burned in a Pit.—The Flesh Peels Off in Quivering Flakes.

PITTSBURGH, Pa., October 11.—By an explosion of natural gas in a pit at Godfrey & Clarke's paper factory, Tarentum, Pa., this afternoon, three men—Geo. Headin, William Garlich and Samuel Thomson—were seriously and probably fatally injured.

The accident was caused by a leakage in the pipes, which allowed a very crevice in the pit with the odorless gas. The men not being aware of the presence of the gas, went down into the pit to oil the pump, taking with them a small lamp. As soon as they reached the bottom the gas ignited from the lamp and in an instant the pit was filled with a belching sheet of flame. The report was not loud and the fire was out almost as sudden as it came, but it left the three men lying on their backs, terribly burned about the face, arms and limbs. They were removed to their homes, where an examination of their injuries showed them all to be in a serious condition, the flesh falling off their bodies in large flakes. They are resting quite easy tonight, but it is feared they inhaled the gas, in which case death is almost inevitable.

BLOWN UP.

Flood Rock, the Key of Hell Gate, Shattered by Expl. since.

NEW YORK, October 10.—Two hundred and eighty pounds of dynamite and rock were discharged and Flood Rock, in Hell Gate, to-day, and Flood Rock is no more. It was a very successful operation from start to finish. It drew crowds to every available point of view, such as are rarely seen, even in New York. The waters around were gray with hundreds of craft of every kind that float in these parts. Men of science took observations from a score of vantage points, photographers took instantaneous views, and hundreds of engineers from all parts of the country witnessed the explosion and marveled at the magnitude of the event. The work has been in progress for nine years.

NEW YORK, October 11.—A large number of people visited the scene of yesterday's explosion at Hell Gate to-day, and carried off mementoes of the occasion. The northern end of the reef still projects from the water at high tide, but the officer in charge declares hydrographic work is complete. He says that the preceding portion is so honey-combed with fissures that it will fall to pieces when operations are begun for its removal. To a casual observer, however, the appearance of the reef is not so threatening. The system of surface drains will be resorted to.

ANDERSON'S Terrible Mistake.

CHATTANOOGA, October 11.—A shocking accident occurred last night at Livingston, Va. Mr. Wm. Eastland, a prominent citizen, was awakened during the night by a noise near his premises. Having been assured that his house would be burned, he suspected that the effort would be made, and he went out to see what was the matter while he laid in waiting for the incendiaries. Nearly an hour passed and no one was heard. His wife, fearing he had not with full play, returned to the house, and was mistaken for one of the incendiaries by her husband, who shot her as she approached, causing her instant death.

A Father's Unnatural Crime.

UTICA, N. Y., October 11.—A horrible crime which was committed last February has just come to light. Patrick E. Brennan, of this city, is the father of four children, the oldest of whom is a girl of eighteen. Mrs. Brennan is an inmate of the lunatic asylum. Last February Brennan went to his daughter's room and forced her to yield to his inhuman desires. The girl, feeling the wrath of her father, kept the awful secret. On February 22 of this year she gave birth to a boy, who is now alive. Brennan was arrested yesterday, and was arraigned and held to await the action of the grand jury.

Submerged by a Tidal Wave.

SAVANNAH, Ga., October 11.—A strong northeast gale which has been blowing all day caused a tidal wave in the Savannah River at noon, and another at 10 o'clock to-night. The rice plantations are all submerged. The banks are badly broken and the crop is all under water. The loss is estimated at from sixty to seventy-five per cent. Hutchinson Island, opposite Savannah, is threatened, and all the residents came over to the city at night. The rice crop along the Ogeechee and Satilla rivers is also damaged, and many fields will be a total loss.

Heavy Safe Burglary.

VANNAH, Mich., October 11.—The store of John G. Huebinger, at Frankenmuth, Saginaw County, was entered last night by burglars, who blew open the safe and carried away \$75 in money, and \$1,500 in town orders and drafts on New York, Chicago, and Detroit to a large sum. Not satisfied with this, they stole a valuable pair of Bureau, and left their own worn out animal in its place. No clue has been discovered to the burglars. Huebinger owns a store and flouring-mill, his buildings being isolated, and there being no watchman.

Husband and Wife Killed by the Cars.

CLIFTON, Mo., October 11.—As the Maine Central Railroad "Flying Yankee" express passed through here at 3:45 p. m., yesterday, it struck a carriage containing Mr. and Mrs. Horace Goodwin, returning from shopping. Both were killed instantly. The horse was thrown a great distance. The woman's body was hurled a distance of one hundred and forty feet. The victim's have a family of five small children.